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## REMINISCENCES.

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### ANSON STERLING CONE.

Anson Sterling Cone, who came to Oregon in 1846, and is now — February, 1900,—living upon his donation claim a mile and a half from Butteville, on one portion of French Prairie, is a native of Indiana, having been born in Shelby County of that State in 1827. At the age of seventy-three he is still in good health, and of good memory. He is carrying on a large farm, and, together with his wife, is supporting the family of his brother's daughter, as his own. He is a man of medium size, of rather sandy complexion, with hair and beard now white. He is plain and straightforward in manner, and remembers distinctly many details of his early experiences in Oregon. Some of the most interesting features of his narrative are his meeting with Whitman; his service as juror on the trial of the Indian murderers of Whitman; and his trip overland to California in the first wagon train to the mines. His story, however, will be given as he relates it, and the reader may then use his own judgment as to the relative importance of his recollections.

With his father's family, who removed for a short residence from Shelby to La Porte County, Indiana, he went as a mere lad to Iowa. The farm occupied by his father was alongside one of the main roads, and there, year after year, he saw the emigrants in their great wagons on the way to Oregon. In the course of time he took the fever to go with them to that enchanted country. The opportunity was not long withheld.

In 1846 a well-to-do neighbor, Edward Trimble, made

up a party, in which an older brother of Anson's, Aaron Cone, was to go. Obtaining permission of his father, Anson, then but a youth of eighteen, assisted in helping the train off, and drove with the party for some distance. When the time arrived for him to return home (his dejected appearance probably indicating his longing to go on with the emigrants) Trimble said to him: "Anson, I don't advise or ask you to go to Oregon; but if you are bound to, you may go with me." "I have no outfit," said the young man. "I have \$1,000," answered Trimble; "and as long as that lasts you shall have your share of it."

Anson went. His patron, however, never reached Oregon. Trimble was one of the comparatively few who fell a victim to the treachery of the Indians. He was killed by the Pawnees, on the Platte River, near the big island. He had been selected captain of the company of forty-three wagons which was made up at Saint Joe, where the train crossed the Missouri, and took the route south of the Platte.

At a point opposite the big island, as then known, the cattle were stampeded by the Pawnees, and driven away, so that the train was left entirely without teams. Trimble started out to hunt the animals; but his wife, seeing that he had no arms, said to him, "Edward, you had better take your rifle." He answered, "I do not need it; I am only going to look for the trail." But reaching a knoll and finding the trail of the lost stock, which led to the river, he and a man named Harris rode on without stopping, until they discovered the cattle on the island. Going down to the river side, however, they were suddenly confronted by a party of armed Pawnees, who had secreted themselves under the steep bank. Harris then, in his excitement, left his horse, and Trimble delaying for him was shot by the Indians. His body was not recovered but arrows stained with blood were

found, which had probably been shot through his body. These were preserved by Mrs. Trimble, and it is thought that they are still in possession of the family ; a daughter of Trimble, having become Mrs. Pomeroy, of Pomeroy, Washington.

By the men of the train who saw the affair, Harris was rescued, and the most of the oxen, though in a sad state of demoralization, were recovered. A considerable number were never found, and on account of this seven wagons were compelled to return to Saint Joe, with just enough cattle to draw them. But the mischief was also played with the oxen that went forward. After one thorough stampede such animals are always unreliable. Mr. Cone remembers one serious stampede later, of the whole train on the road, which was started only by a jack rabbit driven by the dogs under a wagon. "It was a pretty hard sight," he says, "to see the wagon hauled off, with oxen on the run. But they had to stop at last ; some fell down and were dragged along. Many an old ox lost his horns. There were horns flying then—let one catch his tip in the ground and it was gone!"

However, though under unusual strain from this unlucky incident with the rascally Pawnees, the plains and mountains were crossed at last. Fort Bridger, Fort Hall, and the Grande Ronde and Blue Mountains were passed in due order, and about the middle of October the wagons descended upon the Umatilla.

Here the two young men, Anson and his brother Aaron, thought it advisable to leave the train and push on to the Willamette. To accomplish this they went over to the Walla Walla, with the idea of working for Whitman long enough to pay for a pack horse. At Waiilatpu they found the doctor at home, and made known their intention. "Boys," replied the Old Man (A. S. C.), "you had better take Bob there, and all the provisions you

need, and go at once. At the end of the season there will be those coming who will have to stay here anyhow, and I had better save the work for them. I will be down in the Willamette country next summer, and you can pay me then." The young men accordingly took "Bob," a trusty old white cayuse horse and a good pack animal, who had somehow lost his tail, all except a short stump, just sufficient to hold the crupper.

By this kindness and confidence of Whitman Mr. Cone was greatly impressed. "He was a good man," he says, "he had a heart like an ox!" According to his recollections Whitman was about six feet tall, straight as an Indian and of fine presence. His face was florid, his hair chestnut, and not noticeably gray. In manner he was quick "for a big man," and "always in for anything that had life"—sociable, and a good joker. The horse and provisions, taken from the doctor's door, amounted to about \$25 worth; "and the next summer," says Mr. Cone, "when I heard that the Old Man was at Oregon City, didn't I rustle around to have the money ready for him!"

Young Cone arrived at Oregon City on November 6th, his nineteenth birthday. He began almost immediately to look about the country, and taking the road to Tualatin Plains, was surprised, but greatly pleased, to meet on the way—at the house of Mr. Masters, near the present town of Reedville—an old friend, whom he had known at the East. This was T. G. Naylor, long a well known resident of Forest Grove. By this hospitable friend Cone was invited to spend the winter on the farm on Gale's Creek, and actually spent two months, managing to find eight working days between showers, out of that time—which indicates that the climate, even then, was rainy. However the young immigrant had good health, enjoyed life, and grew fat. For his eight days of

work he received an order for eight bushels of wheat, and being in great need of new clothes, went back to Oregon City, and obtaining work at rail splitting, he succeeded in mending his fortunes sufficiently to procure new garments. He also found work afterwards in the sawmills. "Many a day," he says, "I worked alongside the Kanakas." There was at that time a considerable number of these native Sandwich Islanders in Oregon. They were good workmen, says Mr. Cone, being especially useful in work about the water. They had their own quarters, which they kept themselves, and provided their own sustenance quite independently.

During the dry season of 1847 the two brothers having decided to return East across the Plains, made a long tour of the Willamette Valley, in order to tell all about Oregon, with which, however, they were not fully satisfied as a permanent home; but their preparations not being complete they were delayed until late in the next season.

It was in August of that year that the Cayuse Indian murderers were brought down from the upper country, and were tried and hanged at Oregon City [Mr. Cone was evidently confused in this part of his recollections as the Cayuse Indian murderers did not give themselves up until April 1850; and were tried later in that year.—EDITOR.] The Indians had the benefit of counsel, and the usual motions were made for acquittal. Among others was rejection of many jurymen, on the ground of prejudice. As it began to seem that no jury could be found, Cone, who was present as a spectator at the trial, whispered to a companion, "Come, let's go; they will be getting us on the jury!" They quietly slipped out, therefore, and retiring to a big rock on the bluff, were engaged chatting. A young man soon approached, however, whom they took to be another like themselves, but they recognized that he was

after them and a deputy sheriff, when he proceeded to summon them to the jury box. They were accordingly impaneled, with the necessary number, and listened to the evidence. The case was entirely clear, the prosecution simply presenting evidence to show that the accused were the Indians who had committed the crime.

As to the motive of the murder, or the causes back of it, Mr. Cone inclines to the opinion very prevalent at the time, that it was due to religious differences; "there was another church there, and this I know, that none of the other church were hurt." He mentions particularly Joe Stanbough, who was not injured, yet was a full-blood white man. This is mentioned here, and indeed is given very cautiously by Mr. Cone, not as any brand for present sectarian differences, but as a true reflection of opinion at the time. The precise justice of that opinion is not discussed here.

Very soon after the trial Cone was told by General Lovejoy, at Oregon City, of the discovery of gold in California. "If I were you," said Lovejoy, "I would go as soon as possible." By this advice Cone and his brother were led to get together three wagons and join the overland company. This was a most eventful journey and illustrates the capacity of the trained Oregon men.

According to Mr. Cone's recollections there were forty one wagons; though Peter Burnett says, in "An Old Pioneer," that there were fifty and one hundred and fifty men. There was but one family in the train, the name of which Mr. Cone has forgotten. In this he coincides with Burnett. Cone also recalls Thomas McKay very distinctly as the guide and virtual leader; who said that he could take them through to the Sacramento River without trouble; "and there is only one place that I am afraid of; that is going down the mountain into the

Sacramento Valley. You may have to let your wagons down with ropes there."

Burnett, in his vivid sketch of this journey, says that he went to Doctor McLoughlin for advice, and was directed by him to employ McKay, as this intrepid son of the unfortunate Alexander McKay was acquainted with every foot of the way and was especially efficient in dealing with the Indians. But Mr. Cone recollects nothing of Burnett.

As to Indian troubles, Cone says that there was only one Indian killed. This was in the Umpqua Valley, and the deed was without provocation, and by an irresponsible young man, of the kind that hung on to almost every party. McKay read the young man a severe lesson, and complained to the company, endeavoring to show how reckless such actions were. The young man made the saucy reply that he must be still, or else there would be another Indian killed — alluding to McKay's Indian blood. However, there were no other natives disturbed, and the way was through the country of the Klamaths, the Modocs, and the Pitt River Indians. Burnett mentions meeting a very few natives near the end of the journey, but says there was no trouble whatever.

In the Pitt River Valley the Oregon wagon train came upon the track of the California immigrants, whom Peter Lawsen — or Lassen, as Burnett spells the name — was guiding to his great ranch on the Upper Sacramento. When at last overtaken they were found to be in great destitution, and so exasperated at Lassen, who had lost the way, and was wandering in the Sierra Nevadas, trying to find a practicable way down their stupendous western declivities, that he seemed in danger of his life. A practicable descent was found at last, however, and then began the race to see who would be first into the

valley. This was near Lassen's Peak, which is so high as to be spotted with old snow, even to late autumn.

Here Mr. Cone describes "the maddest man he ever saw." This was the pioneer, Job McNemee, of Portland. With an extra good team and high determination of his own he had declared that he would be first in the valley. He was well on the way to success, having got and held the lead; but halfway down the mountain side, in his wild career, he ran his wheel against a protruding boulder, by which the heavy wagon was upset, and there it lay, while the other wagons, nine in number, of that particular section of the train, went bouncing by. But at last, in spite of all accidents, men and animals reached Lassen's ranch, and were there treated with royal hospitality. The vaqueros were directed to slaughter beef, and the Oregon men, as well as the California party, were invited to the barbecue. The Oregonians, however, were not likely to wait long. It was now late in November, and though some went first up to Redding's ranch, all soon struck out for Coloma. Although not an active participant in the Indian troubles there, these are recalled by Mr. Cone. He remembers the murder of the party of Oregon men, recalling the circumstance, however, that the number killed was five, and that one of the six escaped. The Indians, as he remembers, were tracked to their camp on the river, and attacked and punished.

His memory was more deeply impressed, however, with the enormous price of provisions; as, for instance, going down one day to Sacramento, and seeing some nice little hams, he had a mind to purchase one. On asking the price he was told four dollars a pound. He concluded he did not want any. That was late in the season of '48 or early '49. Vast quantities of stores were shipped in soon, and prices fell. Misfortunes robbed Mr. Cone of the results of his adventure. His brother was taken sick

and died. He was himself attacked by scurvy, and finally being unable to work longer, sought passage home on a sailing vessel, which crossed the Columbia bar late in the fall of '49, a very smoky season, and of long drouth, the vessel being becalmed for days together.

Mr. Cone remembers many amusing incidents of the mining life; one of which was the shooting of Weimer's pig by his partner—the animal being a nuisance around camp, yet of great value. One morning the partner of Cone said: "Load the gun and I'll shoot the — sow. To run the bluff, Cone did so, and not to be backed off, the partner shot and killed. Then to hide their trespass the carcass was hidden in the brush; but upon returning at evening from their rockers the young men found that the ravens had taken care of the pork.

In 1850 Mr. Cone, having recovered his health, located a claim on French Prairie. His father arrived in Oregon in 1851. His brothers, Oscar and G. A., Jr., came in 1847. Three other brothers also became Oregonians, Oliver; Francis Marian, and Philander Johnson. All found claims near each other on French Prairie, or just across the river. Anson and Oscar are the only ones now living.

Of the old father, G. A. Cone, there are eighteen grandchildren and thirty-seven great-grandchildren.

Anson Cone was married in 1866 to Sarah A., the widow of his brother Oliver, whose maiden name was Wade, and who is herself a pioneer of '53.

#### **MRS. REBEKA HOPKINS.**

Mrs. Hopkins, the daughter of Mr. Peter D. Hall, who perished near Fort Walla Walla—Wallula—after escaping from the Whitman massacre, is now living on the farm held by her first husband, Philander J. Cone. Although past the age of fifty she is in good health, of prepossessing

appearance, and of very active habits. Her cosy farm home, which is on the prairie, but at the edge of the grove, and shaded by some oak trees in the dooryard, is ornamented also with choice varieties of flowers, especially of roses, of which she has many rare kinds.

She was but five years of age when the massacre occurred; and by the terror of that event all previous recollections seem to have been completely obliterated. She does not remember anything of her father; but of the massacre itself, so far as her own observation went, she still has a vivid picture in her mind. She recalls the upstairs room where the women and children were huddled together after Whitman was struck down, and where Mrs. Whitman came after she was shot in the breast. Mrs. Whitman, she says, was standing, when wounded, at a window, and was washing the blood from her hands, as she had been dressing the wounds of her husband. Mrs. Hall was with her. It could not have been apprehended that further murders would be committed, and Mrs. Whitman must have been the equal object of the Indians superstitious rage, as she was the only woman killed.

Mrs. Hopkins remembers the appearance of the upstairs room, and that the Indians were kept back from coming up for a time by an old gun, which was probably not loaded, but was laid so as to point across the stairway. The savages would come to the stairway until within sight of this gun barrel, and then afraid, or pretending to be afraid, of its fire, would scamper back. Mr. Rogers was with the women and children.

As to the death of her father, who escaped and sought safety at old Fort Walla Walla, on the bank of the Columbia River, but was refused admission, Mrs. Hopkins believes he was killed near the fort. By Mr. Osborne, who with his family, finally reached the fort, the clothes

of Hall were seen and recognized. It was said to him, when he exclaimed, "those are Hall's clothes," that Hall had been drowned in attempting to cross the Columbia.

Mrs. Hopkins considers the account of the massacre as given in the June number of the *Native Son* [1899], which was furnished by Mrs. O. N. Denny, as the most accurate that she has seen, Mrs. Denny, Mrs. Hopkins' older sister, who was about twelve years old at the time of the tragedy, has a comprehensive recollection of the whole affair.

#### MRS. ANNA TREMEWAN.

Mrs. Tremewan, now residing at Champoeg, has many most interesting recollections of her early life. Although now past middle age she is of magnificent physique, being about five feet eight inches tall, straight as an arrow and well proportioned, but at the same time of that peculiarly supple mold and movement that so distinguishes the French creoles. Her hair is still jet black, and long and wavy and very thick; her eyebrows heavy and black, and her features, though strong and marked, refined and very intelligent.

Her speech is remarkably clear, every word being distinctly pronounced, with rather an English or Scotch accent, and in a full rich voice of rather low key. During conversation her features light up noticeably, and though she speaks deliberately she has no hesitation, never pausing to think of a word or construction. She complains of her poor memory for dates, but possesses a large fund of family information, both of her own people and the Hudson Bay Company.

Her mother was a daughter of Etienne Lucier, of French Prairie; her father was Donald Manson, a trusted captain of the Hudson Bay Company, and her first hus-

band was Isaac Ogden, a son of Peter Skeen Ogden, governor during the latter years of the Hudson Bay Company's occupation of Fort Vancouver. She is living now at Champoege, in the old house built by her father, though now owned by herself with her husband.

Her brothers are men of education and ability; Donald Manson, Jr., being a resident of Portland; James Manson, living at Victoria; and William Manson, who was educated in Scotland, being principal of a school at New Westminster, B. C. Another brother, Stephen, no longer living, who was named by his mother or his grandfather Lucier, is described by those who knew him as a man of remarkably handsome appearance, and bright intellect. He was, as a boy, attending the school at Waiilatpu at the time of the Whitman massacre, and although uninjured was so shocked by the bloody occurrence that long afterwards he would start from sleep crying out "The Indians, the Indians!" There were two daughters besides Anna (Mrs. Tremewan), Isabella and Lizzie.

The following are some of the recollections taken hurriedly at a morning call of Mrs. Tremewan. In reply to a question about her father she said: "My father was in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company—you may have heard of it. We lived until I was fifteen in British Columbia; no, not at Victoria, but on the head waters of Frazer River, at Stuart's Lake—you might call that a little ocean. That was a long way from Victoria, though that was our point of supplies, and my father made a trip from there every year to carry out the furs—for that was what he dealt in. He went a part way by river, and a part way by horses. At Fort Langley he met the steamer from Victoria, and from that point the goods were brought up the river to our place.

"Yes, he used to leave us all alone at Stuart's Lake every year while he made the trip, and that would be

from April to September. On one time I remember perfectly well he came back on the seventh of September. What makes me remember this was because it was then my sister Lizzie was born, and my mother was still in bed, and when the cry was made that the boats were coming, we were all so eager to have papa see the baby.

“Indeed, Stuart Lake was a beautiful place, the loveliest I have ever seen. The mountains were blue across it, they are so far away. When the wind blew the waves rolled up like a sea. The water is perfectly clear. When we used to walk along the shore, or swim in the lake, we could see to the bottom. It was full of fishes of all kinds; salmon and sturgeon and trouts. I have often told my husband that I wished I could see Stuart Lake again.

“But I was born in Alaska,—in the land where the gold is now; at Fort Stikeen. The cabin was so near the water that the waves rolled up against it. I have have often heard my mother tell about it.

“Yes, I remember the trip out from Stuart Lake perfectly. Our first stop was at Fort Alexandria; then we came on by boat to a place called Kamloops, where we waited a month while the horses were got together and trained for the rest of the journey. We came on to Fort Hope, and then by boat to Fort Langley. There we took the steamer *Otter*. There were two steamers then, the *Otter* and the *Beaver*; we had the *Otter*.

“I did not know what a Yankee was. I remember that when I was on the steamer they used to say to me ‘So you are going to be a Yankee!’ I did not like it a bit. We had more the English way of talking, and did not say ‘I guess.’ It was a long time before we could talk like the Yankees.

“When my father first came to Oregon he was pretty wealthy and bought this place. But he lost so much in the flood of ’61 that he was nearly broken up. He never

fully got over this—together with sickness and other things.

“When the Hudson Bay Company was at Fort Vancouver, and during the Whitman massacre, Ogden was governor at the fort. Well, his son was my first husband—his name was Isaac. Peter Skeen Ogden was a wealthy old man; he was from Montreal. He left considerable money to his children. He had four; Isaac, who lived at Champoege, where we were married; William, who lives in Portland; Emma, who died at the age of thirty; and Mrs. Sarah Draper, of McMinnville, who has six children.

“My mother was a daughter of Stephen Lewis—I think that would be the English of it; but the French called it Lucier, Etienne Lucier. What makes me think it was ‘Stephen,’—I have heard mother say she named my brother Stephen for his grandfather. My grandfather was a Frenchman from Canada, and my mother was the daughter of his first wife; I think she came from east of the Rocky Mountains.”

Mrs. Tremewan was well acquainted with Archibald McKinley, who settled just across the river from Champoege; and the family of Mr. Pambrun, one of whose daughters was Mrs. Dr. Barclay, of Oregon City; Mrs. William Pratt, another; and Mrs. Harriet Harger, of Chehalem Valley, another. Mrs. Harger has a family of six daughters.

#### LOUIS LABONTE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MEN.

See *Reminiscences of Louis Labonte*, Vol. 1, p. 169.

Doctor McLoughlin : Big man, hair white as snow, face ruddy; fine man, but like a grizzly if he was mad; carried a cane, stood straight as an arrow; treated him very kindly; got him to school at Vancouver, took him by the

hand, told him he would provide him books and pens ; he went to school to Mr. Ball.

Douglass : Slim, but even taller than McLoughlin ; his hands reached below his knees.

Peter Skeen Ogden : A tall, big man — big as McLoughlin ; an American by birth.

Donald Manson : A large man ; face ruddy ; white hair.

Jason Lee : Very tall, powerful ; not straight.

Doctor Barclay : Medium height, heavy set.

Pambrun : Medium size ; his wife from the Red River.

Archibald McKinley : Lived across the river from Champoeg ; big man ; red face.

George T. Allen : A small looking man ; he was nicknamed Twahalasky, Indian name for coon ; and a small-sized Cascade Indian bearing that name traded names with Allen.

James Birnie : A powerful, heavy man ; very fine looking ; exceedingly hospitable.

Alexander Latty : A fine man ; captain of steamer *Beaver* two years ; he was also mate of the schooner *Cadboro*, built in England.

Captain Scarborough : Medium size, good looking ; father of Edward Scarborough, of Cathlamet ; had a Chinook wife ; made frequent trips to England in command of Hudson Bay vessels, and introduced pigs and Shanghai chickens from China ; also took pains to bring ornamental shrubbery, perhaps introduced the "Mission Rose."

Captain Brothie : Another sea captain on Hudson Bay vessels ; introduced from England the "Brothie" potato, an early kidney variety.

Robert Newell : A very fine man ; Labonte's captain when in the Indian war of '56, stationed at Vancouver.

Calvin Tibbetts : Came with Wyeth.

Alexander Duncan : Captain of the *Dryad* ; came in the river when Labonte lived at Scappoose ; particular friend of Birnie's.

Thomas McKay : About six feet tall ; walked with a limp ; never was scared ; very keen eyes ; shot "War Eagle" in Cayuse war.